

SEPTEMBER.

THE
MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XX.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and
lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for
his soul?"—Matt. XVI., 26.

CANTERBURY, N. H.,

1890.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
History of Mr. Leabson No. 15.	193
Resurrection,	195
The Hours,	197
Letter,—Wm. Bellmore,	198
" F. H.	199
Are we drifting?	"
Be Courteous,	200
In Memory of Elder M. Carter,	202
City of God,	203
Letter,—D. Orcutt,	"
Lady Hildegarde,	204
Life is what we make it,	205
Hot water Cure,	"
Editorial,	206
Notes about Home,	208
The Bible Class,	213
Music,—Ministering Angels,	214
Books & Papers,	216
Deaths,	"

HORACE MANN was not suffered to work without opposition. Attacks upon the Board and upon himself were frequent. His contests with the "thirty-one" are famous. It is true that he was somewhat prone to personally evil in his opponents. He knew his own rectitude to be absolute, and he believed firmly that his side of the question was right; what then must his opponents be but wrong, and fighting for the wrong!

When he was traveling in Europe, the number of ink-spots upon the walls of various rooms where Luther was reputed to have thrown his inkstand at the devil seemed particularly to strike him. It was typical of himself; he was always throwing a moral inkstand at the personified evil about him, and wherever he went he was certain to arouse opposition. Whether or how much this is to be attributed to his personal characteristics, and how much to the fact that a reform is almost never introduced without much opposition and bitter opposition, I do not attempt to say.

There were in Mr. Mann two directly opposed sides of character: the lion-like sternness and combativeness which he

showed toward his enemies or the enemies of the right, and the affectionate, tender nature which he showed to his family and dearest friends. When president, afterwards, of Antioch College, his students felt these different aspects. He would sometimes plead with them, melting even to tears; sometimes turn upon them as his old lawyer's logic, and pour out his wrath in fiery sarcasm. In either case his effect upon them was great.—From *Horace Mann*, by Mary B. Keith, in *New England Magazine* for August, 1880.

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The Manifesto.

VOL. XX.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 9.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

No. 15.

BUTTONS.

THE making of buttons for the Brethren's garments was commenced in 1795. These were made of the horns and hoofs of the cattle. They also made button molds of horn which were covered with cloth. Since 1825 a small amount of business has been carried on in the manufacture of bone and ivory buttons, but the pressure of other duties has prevented much from being done in this line.

BROOMS.

The manufacture of brooms was at first, very light. This was at the close of the last century. A small amount of broom corn was raised on our home farm, and from this the brooms were made. The apparatus for tying the corn on the handle was very simple, merely a wheel and shaft. The broom twine was wound around the shaft. The rim of the wheel was arranged with pins, and operated by the feet.

In a few years machines were invented on which a man was able to

make from six to eight dozen brooms per day. These became an important item for sale, and the business has been extensively followed by Believers in the several Societies. Common hand and fancy corn brushes have also been made, but since 1845 the attention has been diverted to other forms of occupation.

OVAL BOXES.

The manufacture of oval boxes began as early as 1800. Although not a very extensive branch of business, it has been a source of small income from year to year. At first the rims were cut from the log in a common saw mill, which did the work very imperfectly. The heads were planed by hand. In 1830 a buzz saw did the work of cutting out the rims, and in 1832 a machine was brought into use, and from this date the rims were also planed by machinery.

HORSEWHIPS.

These have been made in the Society from an early date, for home use and for sale. The horse hides for the lashes were dressed at our tannery, and the lashes cut and braided by the Brethren and boys. The whip stocks

were also made and sold with the lashes.

While the foregoing occupations were being largely conducted by the Brethren, the Sisters were busily engaged in the many domestic duties that fell to their charge. They were also engaged in the carding, spinning and weaving of cotton and woollen cloth. The coloring of the cloth also claimed their attention. For several years the Sisters did all the hatcheling of the flax. The spinning of the cotton and wool was performed by hand on "great wheels" and the flax on "little foot-wheels."

After the establishment of cotton factories in this country, the cloth was largely purchased for the use of the Community and by 1834 the weaving was wholly discontinued. Machines for the carding of wool were introduced into this part of the country about the beginning of this century, and the Brethren had their wool carded into rolls and the spinning done at home. In 1809 a carding machine was built for the Society, with which they did their own carding. In 1812 a spinning-jenny of twenty-four spindles was purchased, and from this date the "great wheels" were laid aside.

Since 1852 the cloth used by the Society has been purchased. For several years the Sisters used a "Pleasant Spinner," on which to spin "worsted."

BASKETS.

In 1813 fancy baskets were made for sale. This business has largely increased, and other articles have been

added, such as palm leaf hats; bonnets; carriage, chair, pin and needle cushions. A great variety of other fancy articles have also been added to the list.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Believers who formed the Society at the time of its origin, did not rely much on outward remedies to remove diseases and infirmities, and a physician not of their order was considered very needless and unprofitable in most cases. After several years it was thought best to establish an order of physicians, two of each sex, and to these the Brethren and Sisters were to apply. At first the apparatus, conveniences, books, &c., were very limited and simple; but the accommodations have been enlarged from time to time and medical books have been added to the library, till the advantages offered to the sick are among the best.

Since 1835 there has been but one physician in the order, while the Sisters in attendance have received the title of "nurses."

There has been a great variety of opinion on the system of medical treatment of disease. Some retain a confidence in the use of metallic drugs, while others would use only herbs. Another class prefer what generally passes under the name of "Water Cure." A fourth class encourage the treatment that passes under the name of "Eclectic." Many persons who are unfortunately made sick are again healed by submitting to any of the above treatments, and it is quite likely they would have been healed if they had consulted no one.

THE GATHERING OF HERBS.

This has been practiced from the first of the organization for the use of the physicians at home. Very few were sold except for the purpose of purchasing medicine to be used instead of the herbs.

In 1820 the Believers began to prepare roots and herbs for sale. These were dried and pressed and then put up in a nice compact form and a demand was soon created for a more extended business. Up to this date the wild herbs only had been gathered, but the cultivation of medicinal herbs was now accepted as a branch of business in order to meet the yearly demand.

The making of extracts was also added to the trade and in 1832 a large building was demanded. As the trade increased, a larger number of persons were appointed to assist in the business. To show the increase of this work, we will state that in 1831 about 4000 lbs. of roots and herbs were sent to the market. In 1836, it had increased to 6000 lbs. and in 1849 to 16,500 lbs.

In 1850 large additions were made to the buildings and to the machinery. A steam boiler and a vacuum pan, with various apparatus connected. The amount of herbs pressed in 1850 was not less than 21,000 lbs. and about 7000 lbs. of extract. In 1852 a new steam engine was purchased of twelve horse power, and also additional machinery.

In 1853 the amount of roots, herbs and barks that were pressed amounted to 42,000 lbs. while the extracts

reached to 7500 lbs. The business now requires, regularly, the labor of six Brethren and about as many Sisters. A large number of persons were also hired to assist in the work. Other help was, at times, demanded to take the goods to and from the Society, and to make sales and then to collect the bills.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RESURRECTION.

F. W. EVANS.

Of late, I have thought much of the resurrection order and sphere of humanity. Darwin speaks of rudiments that indicate faculties once existing, no longer needed, they being supplanted by higher powers and faculties, developed under the law of evolution. Is it not thus when the soul rises from the generative order into the resurrection? "I am the resurrection." What an expression to be made by a man two thousand years ago! Is it a wonder that it is said of him, "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was not one with him?" Any physical faculty or limb disused diminishes in power, be it an arm, or leg, or muscle; is it not the same with the mental and spiritual powers? The hidden, wonderful power that enables a human being to die to the generative life of the natural man or woman, is a "mystery of godliness" that is made known only by revelation. The mere natural, animal man or woman—even when intellectually unfolded—discerneth not the resurrection, it is foolishness to them. The gift of faith alone revealeth it. The prophets and prophetesses, and Bibles

of all races and peoples continually refer to a resurrection state, as being attainable, possible; but they do it only "in part," and as "through a glass, darkly;" yet it is there. All men, consciously, or unconsciously, are pressing—growing—towards the resurrection order. The generative is a rudimentary phase on the journey, through which all men and women will pass on their way to the Christ Heavens—the Heaven of Heavens.

I am under the impression, from my knowledge of history, that there are single nations and races who have passed through all the degrees of progress, which, now, the whole human race—all nations, races, kindreds, tongues, and peoples—are making a united and tremendous effort to attain unto.

Jesus, as an individual, became, as a unit, a resurrected man. As such, he was a pattern of what other men could attain unto. "Follow me. Be of good courage, for I have overcome the world"—the lust of generation, the lust of private property possession; and the pride of rule, with the ambition of seeing who should be the greatest. The Son of Man comes to minister, not to be ministered unto, to serve, not to be served by others; to work for the Brotherhood and Sisterhood; to love God supremely, and the Society more than self. He taught, disciplined, rebuked, and loved his twelve disciples; taught them to be as he was, resurrected souls. And we have no record of any one of them, not even Judas, ever having been drawn down to earth by the tail of the dragon, the lust of generation; they all put their feet upon that head of the serpent of sensuality—lust.

Again, the twelve were to the primi-

tive church what Jesus was to them—a pattern. The principle was expanded. For three hundred years, the primitive Christian church labored to be a resurrected church, in the midst of a corrupt Roman war government, and its social system. Everything, within and without, worked against the high standard of purity that the church was striving to maintain. The civil government looked upon it as inimical to its own power and existence. Its celibacy would destroy population; its non-resistance would make Rome the prey of any petty nation practicing the war power, and as Rome had taken the sword against all nations, unless she defended herself by the sword, the least of them would come and take away her place and power. True Christianity, then, as exhibited in Jesus, who did not render evil for evil, and his disciples, whom Jesus told to put up their swords, otherwise they would perish in using them, and in the primitive church, which, not being of this world, would not marry nor fight, was regarded by the Romans as destructive of all civil government by extermination of the population. And by the testimony of Jesus against war, and they treated it accordingly. It was assailed by outward persecution, martyrdom, and by inward temptations, false doctrines and corrupt leaders, until the fifteenth bishop of Jerusalem was a Gentile and a married man. It was this corrupted, perverted, adulterated Christianity that spread over the great Roman empire. The emperor, Constantine, became a Gentile Christian. He introduced both marriage and war into the Gentile Christian churches, and there they remain to this day. Great churches, hundreds of sects, hate-

ful and hating one another, but all giving their power and adhesion to church and state religion, that includes marriage, private property and war.

They are all "turned to blood." They begin with the blood of Jesus, as being God, and end with war and the inquisition, with becoming drunk with the blood of saints and martyrs, and being authors of all the blood shed upon earth. Anti-Christianity, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlot denominations, is a cruel, bloody system that destroys the earth and deforms the heavens. "Let the saints of the Most High render unto her double; according as she has lived deliciously and comforted herself, so much sorrow and torment give her,"—the pen and tongue are mightier than swords.

When the powers of evil were concentrated upon Jesus, to his physical destruction, with vehement personal hatred crying "Crucify him, crucify him," it excited in Jesus a clear hatred and keen indignation, not against the persons, but against the principle of war. "Do not I hate them that hate thee? I hate them with a perfect hatred—with a hatred free from personality; that is a perfect hatred." Hence, in the Christ spirit, Jesus could denounce the evil, and pray to his Father in heaven, to forgive them personally, as not understanding what they were doing.

When the whole race of mankind come into the new earth and the new heavens—the Millennium—the resurrection, "war will cease to the ends of the earth," and men will cease to do evil and learn to do well, as natural men and women, and Christians—Shakers—will say, "I am the resurrection and the

life." The generative life and power of physical procreation will be resurrected into a spiritual sexual relation, above the animal, propagative plane. The back brain will go up into the intellectual, and the intellectual will go up into the spiritual brain region. Private property acquisitiveness will be raised into pure communion, where each one can seek another's wealth and not their own, without becoming a "prey" to a wolfish pack of self-seekers. And the war force and power will be "turned, as the battle to the gate" against war itself, on the selfish plane; where all are hateful and hating one another. It will be resurrected into a "war in heaven, where Michael and his angels fought and the dragon and his angels, until no place was found for them." As Jesus said, "The prince of this world cometh and hath no part in me," no personality. Hating the flesh, was a perfect hatred, that killed and made alive, and the re-proved becomes the friend of whoso punishes the evil and spares the individual, as a man spareth his own son, he saves him by correcting him. Thus, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth whomsoever he receiveth," making even his enemies to be at peace with him and to eventually become his friends.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[Contributed by Mary Johnston.]

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go flitting by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.
And we who walk among them,
Shall one by one depart,

See not that they are hovering,
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees they hover,
Among the idle flowers,
And gather every act and thought;
Those viewless angel hours.

The poison or the nectar,
The heart's deep flower cup yields
A sample still, they gather swift,
And leave us in the fields.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darkest hue.
But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away,
Their mission flight by day or night
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute,
That God to us has given,
The deeds are known before his throne
The tale is told in heaven.
The bee-like hours we see not
Nor hear their noiseless wings,
We only feel, too oft when flown,
That they have left their sting.

So teach me heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower.
So when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last,
May bear my hopes on angel wings,
Unfettered by the past.
Selected.

MILTON, UMATILLA CO., OREGON.

JULY 6, 1890.

MUCH BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—
The MANIFESTO reaches me each month, laden with heavenly manna for each soul who is thirsting after righteousness. Yea, to my soul it is food and drink indeed. May it prosper and be a guiding star to many who are yet in darkness and ultimately lead them into the light of Christ's and

Mother's gospel is my earnest prayer. In last number of MANIFESTO in the article "Whither are we Drifting?" is a call for a reply from some one. The subject under consideration is one that requires deep thought and is of intense interest to all who desire the prosperity of Zion. Consecrated property of Believers never should be desecrated by the deadly and poisonous influences of worldly-minded people. The employing as hirelings those of the world, brings into our midst death and destruction to the mind of the novitiate, and to the youth of our Societies an ignominious blight to their young and plastic minds. Jesus says "I have called you out of the world" which emphatically means away from all of its influences. Are we separated from the world when we hire them among us. While I had the glorious privilege of being among Believers (but through the force of circumstances compelled to mingle with the world) I saw much and heard much, which convinced me that the seeds of iniquity were constantly being sown in our midst by those employed who are of the world. Each one of us carry with us an influence for good or evil, and from us this will radiate in magnetic currents and thoroughly permeate all within its reach. This being the case, what can we expect from those who live in sin and are the daily victims of ungovernable lust. Often have I heard the expression "The Shakers are dying out, and it will not be long before their property will pass into other hands." God forbid! for I know it to be his work and cannot fail, yet we must do our duty, if we

expect his blessing. "Hands to work and hearts to God" being our motto, let each rally to the work, that Zion may become free of all that defileth.

Thine fraternally,

WM. W. BELLMIRE.

WASHINGTONVILLE, PA.

MARINDA M. KENISTON:—I have just finished reading your piece in July No. of the MANIFESTO "Whither are we drifting?"

I kindly thank you for having exercised your gift in this direction feeling as I do, though an outsider, that Zion's prosperity is humanity's gain.

It is quite encouraging to realize that there are still those among Believers who are exercised concerning the perpetuity of this Divine Institution.

F. H.

ARE WE DRIFTING?

HAMILTON DE GRAW.

Thoughts suggested by reviewing the article in July No. of "Manifesto" by Sister Marinda M. Keniston.

I WOULD again ask the question, Are we drifting? To admit the fact would imply that the gospel ship that so many had sailed in so long and had carried so many cargoes of human souls safely to that haven of rest, where away from the turmoil and strife of earth they can unite with the poet and exclaim:

"My weary heart hath found a resting place,

My feet no longer need to roam;
For in the blessedness of perfect love
I've a home, sweet home."

Had lost its helm, parted with its

anchor, and been bereft of its sails, and become a derelict.

God forbid. Nay dear sister, we are not drifting. Though our gallant craft has weathered many a gale and at present is passing through a storm period, yet,

"Courage! Brother, Sister, do not falter,
Tho' thy path seem dark as night;
There's a guide to lead us onward,
Trust in God and do the right."

To admit that we are subject to circumstances over which we have no power of control may in a limited measure be true but only limited.

Wage slavery is only one step removed from chattel slavery and some of the extenuating circumstances in regard to the latter cannot be argued for the former. It is a curse, a blight upon the spiritual growth of individuals and communities, and with that former relic of a barbaric age it must be banished from the realm of social and economic life through a higher conception of life, and the duty we owe to the cause.

I quote from a letter from Br. Daniel Offord "that to be an industrial slave holder has a mighty tendency to destroy the spiritual brother and make him unfit to labor with Brethren."

Individually we can say, thanks to the sisterhood for holding the fort against the encroachments of that insidious foe, wage slavery, and keeping it out from the realm of social life among them.

Let it be the rallying point among us, working for a new dispensation, and a more perfect realization of the principles of Communistic life, where it can be said of each and every one, "Ye are not servants but Brethren and Sisters."

Sonyea, N. Y.

BE COURTEOUS.

ANNIE R. STEPHENS.

THE aggregate of life is made up of little things; the words we utter, and our daily thoughts and actions, do much towards forming our characters; therefore how diligently we should strive to so cultivate our hearts, and curb the impetuosity of our dispositions, that our exterior deportment shall prove the refinement of our spirits.

"Our life is centered in the sphere of common duties,"—how true this is. Then why not adorn our daily lives, with the best things our hearts possess, and make our homes attractive with the sunshine of kindness and gentleness of manner.

While we admire integrity, and that sterling worth of character that makes a true man and woman, and are assiduously engaged in maintaining these admirable qualities in our own lives, yet I think there are some things that truly belong to the Christian faith that we are quite negligent of; that is, the common courtesies of life.

We would not countenance superfluities and meaningless forms of politeness, that are naught but vanity and empty show; true politeness never springs from these, it has its source in an entire forgetfulness of self, and a tender regard for the feelings of others.

Upon meeting a stranger or a dear friend, it appears to require no effort to assume the apparel of politeness, to be affable in our manners and extend our heartfelt affections, but those who are truly dearest to our hearts,

those with whom we are called to live and labor, to enjoy the blessings of life, and bear its trials and burdens; when brought in close contact with one another, how apt we are to grow indifferent to their tender feelings, and frequently speak and act in an uncourteous way.

"Life and death are in the power of the tongue;"—how careful we should be to guard that member, that we utter nothing that wounds. There is a very common habit I fear many of us possess; that is, saying unkind words one of another. We would not be guilty of defaming another's character, yet so natural is it to let some careless remark pass our lips, that we would be quite ashamed for the person spoken of to hear; how much better if we cannot find anything good to say, to speak not at all. I have heard of a society called the Speak-no-Evil Society. Its members are required before speaking evil of any one to ask themselves three questions;—Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? Before speaking against another, if we should stop and consider these things, how seldom we should find it in our hearts to speak of evil; I think it would be well for us all to form ourselves members of this association.

The Scriptures commend those who are of a meek and quiet spirit. Well cultivated persons will be gentle in all their movements, and upon entering a room, will open and close the door quietly, and will never speak in a rude noisy manner; in conversation they will not be obtrusive and usurp all the time in talking as though they were superior and wished to be heard, but

will be considerate of others and give them their just privileges. There are many things we might mention, such as manners at the table, a willingness to wait upon others; a greedy disposition and an over anxiousness to begin before our superiors is very unbecoming; but it is to be hoped that none of us have been so neglected that we will commit any gross mistakes. So liable are we to grow indifferent to our deportment, that it requires constant effort and frequently persistent energy to smooth down the angular corners of our characters.

None of us admire a blunt manner or tone of utterance; even if our own decorum is not perfect, our sensibilities are always wounded by such. The courteous address; the pleasant good morning, that sends a thrill of joy through our hearts, and gives us courage to perform the duties of the day; the sweet good night breathed from loving lips that seems to place us beneath the angels' care through the hours of slumber; the tender smile, the gentle manner, the word of kindness and the obliging spirit; can these spring from any other fountain but a good heart? we think not; therefore let us cultivate these more and more.

We see in nature that everything is improved by culture; and what is the rough block of marble without the sculptor's art upon it? how he chisels and works until it presents the beauty and symmetry of a perfect form; and what is the diamond taken from its rocky bed, covered with dirt; what is it compared with the polished stone, flashing with brilliancy? we can all draw illustrations from these.

Just here I am reminded of an incident related of George Herbert the distinguished poet of England:—in one of his walks to join a musical society, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen beneath his load. Putting off his canonical coat he helped him to unload, and afterward to load his horse; and so like the good Samaritan was he, that he also gave him money by which to refresh himself. So coming to his musical friends they began to wonder why George Herbert should appear in their company so soiled and discomposured. But he told them the reason; and one of them said he had disgraced himself by so mean an employment. His answer was; he thought that what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it, would have made discords in his conscience whenever he should pass by that place.

We all have it in our power to perform little kindnesses, let us seek to help others in the true spirit of Christian courtesy; let us tune the hearts we come in contact with to the music of love, then will no harsh discords of ill-will sadden our lives.

We find ourselves placed in this world with surroundings that not only affect ourselves, but those with whom we are associated; not only our outward actions, but our interior thoughts have sounds that vibrate on the electric currents of feeling, and wing their way from heart to heart; therefore, let us admire all that is good, and fill our souls with the same; then will refinement of heart glow in our countenances and our deportment will be Christ-like and courteous.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Sacred to the Memory of ELDER MATTHEW B. CARTER, who deceased July 24, 1890. Aged 64 yrs. 4 mo. 6 days.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

FROM time to time and one by one,
We bid this world a last farewell,
And what we have or have not done,
When this brief race we all have run
In future life must tell.

Must weigh our works for good or ill,
Must yield us joy or grief and pain,
For we our destiny fulfill,
In movements of our own free will,
And our own fate ordain.

Our loving Brother, Elder, Friend,
And Minister of Good
To all who for the truth contend,
And even to foe as well as friend,
In charity hath stood.

In paths of purity and peace,
He calmly walked from early youth,
With yearly harvest of increase
In Holiness without surcease,
He rose in grace and truth.

Pure as the lily of the vale,
His life was wholly free from guile,
He faced temptation's stormy gale,
But did in innocence prevail,
And stemmed its fearful tide.

The Inspired word exhorts us all,
To mark the pure and perfect man,
The upright in their holy call,
Serene 'mid trials great and small,
And free from blight or ban.

Peace is the glorious end of these,
Eternal rest their priceless boon,
Who not themselves, but God to please,
"Have flung their banner to the breeze"
And to the line have hewn.

Savior of men, O let me die
The death of these the righteous few,
O let me seek that home on high,
Eternal life's unclouded sky,
Its holiest heights to view.

O Heavenly Father lend thy power,
Thy presence in this lonely vale,
For darkness veils this midnight hour,

And threaten'g clouds of sorrow lower,
And fiercely drives the gale.

Within thy Love O let us rest,
In resignation's holy peace,
With strength and consolation blest,
Until we reach the higher rest,
And all earth's sorrows cease.

Union Village, Ohio.

LUTHER AND THE PRAYER CURE.—We can see in Luther the beautiful steppings of medical philosophy. He was taken quite sick. The custom of the time was to let out blood until the most of the fever and poison had run away in the red stream. Luther was a man of prayer. In this particular he perhaps equaled any of the moderns. But he was also a wonderful student of human facts and nature's facts, and he came to the conclusion that cutting off food for a few days would lessen the quantity of blood active and pure; so when the sixteenth century physician came with lancet and basin Luther sent him back unused as being less effective than fasting and long walk.

Luther says: "I went without food and took long walks and got well." Thus science cured Luther. When over with the attack no doubt the grand man thanked the Heavenly Father for such simple and beautiful laws of health. In our day the prayer of thousands should indeed be offered in the incipient stages of illness, but the burden of that prayer should be for grace and sense enough to be temperate in food and take a Lutheran walk every day.—*Prof D. Swing.*

"Grain by grain the treasure's won,
Step by step the race is run."

— M. J. TATTERTON.

It is one of the mistakes of frail humanity to seek for immediate results without observing the steps which are needful for their attainment. In secular or spiritual pursuits it is by the patient climbing, so to speak, that

the coveted goal is reached. As the poet has clearly defined,
 "Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise,
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted
 skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by
 round."

Our Savior declared that he who would be greatest must begin by being the servant of all. Before honor is humility; and he who fails to be humble will also fail to possess true honor. It is those who are faithful over a few things who are willing to learn the initiatory lessons, that are made rulers over many things;—or in other words heirs of the spiritual kingdom.

Canterbury, N. H.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

And the City was pure Gold.

O, WHAT is our hope and our joy and our crown,
 When life's fleeting pleasures are o'er;
 When the saints with their Lord on his throne shall sit down,
 When the troubles of earth come no more?

CHORUS.

There the sun never sets and the leaves never fade,
 In that beautiful city of God.
 The souls that each saint to the Savior hath led,
 His crown of rejoicing shall be;
 When honors have faded and treasures have fled,
 Like the bubbles that float on the sea.

Farewell then to pleasure, to wealth, to renown,
 The honors that pass in a day;
 We seek for lost sinners, our joy and our crown,
 Which shall shine when the heavens pass away.

The worldling may sneer and our labor despise,
 But winners of souls by the Lord counted wise,
 Shall rejoice when he cometh again.
 There sickness and sorrow and death are unknown,
 There glories on glories unfold;
 There the Lamb is the light in the midst of the throne,
 In that beautiful city of God.—*Selected.*

ENFIELD, CONN., 1890.

DEAR CHILDREN :—"Buy the truth and sell it not." The power to be true and faithful is only gained by waging unceasing warfare against wrong; by resolutely turning from all deceit; by always being and doing just as near what you know to be right as possible. Every deviation from truth makes the possibility of a greater deviation easier. Every lapse from the path of right is at a cost of precious principles not one of you can afford. Truth is best. The ornaments of truth and virtue will last in eternity. It is by self-denying struggles that you form upright characters. Follow the path of duty through good and evil report, when you make a promise keep it firm as a rock. Love the truth and shun the wrong, then you will be pure and strong. Grow in spiritual things. You are growing in goodness or sin, as you weave the web of life weave truth within. Guard against sin as you would guard against a pestilence. If you seek for sinful pleasure you will find it, but the finding will bring you to grief. Oh! the misery and woe of an untrue life. Be governed by the strong power of principle. "Lay aside every weight." Strive for the one thing needful. Live right each day. Obey the spirit of truth and see how happy you feel. Life is beautiful and noble only as you make it so. Make your last day on earth a fit introduction to your first in heaven.

Your Brother,
 Daniel Orcutt.

Cultivation is as essential to the mind, as food to the body.

[Contributed by Wm. L. Lincoln.]
THE LADY HILDEGARDE.

'Twas at the bleak time of winter,
And a drought lay on the land,
And bread was scarce and cries of want
Were heard on every hand—
When a beggar roamed through the village,
Meanly, but cleanly clad;
Her back was bent 'neath the burden of age,
And her face was pale and sad.
"Give me of your bread, kind stranger.
Give me of your bread" cried she,
"That I'm hungry and cold and ragged and
old,
You all must plainly see."
With many a look of anger,
They drove her from the door;
Or if food they gave, 'twas a mouldy crust
Or a bone and nothing more,
At last at a little cottage,
And humbler than any there
Where a poor old man and his feeble wife
Dwelt long with want and care,
She paused—that wretched wanderer—
And asked awhile to rest
On the steps, but the man with a kindly
smile
Urged in his ragged guest,
And gave her a seat at the fireside;
While his good wife in a trice,
From the fresh baked loaf of barley bread
Cut off an ample slice;
And this with a cup of water.
They set before their guest.
'Twas all they had they smiling said,
But the food upon her prest.
"May the good Lord ne'er forgive us,
Nor e'er bestow us more,
If ever the hungry we turn away
Unfed from our humble door,
The little we have to offer
Is God's, not ours, eat pray."
And the beggar ate of the barley bread,
And thankful went her way.
The Lady Hildegard up at the castle,
The castle stately and grand,
Invited the villagers to a feast
To be given by her hand;
And smiling they went to the castle,
And smiling they entered the hall
Where a chair was set for every one

And a plate was laid for all.
Said the Hildegard, smiling sweetly,
"Come friends sit up and eat,"
And they gathered around the ample board,
With glad and willing feet,
Then their eyes oped wide with wonder,
For they saw—Oh! sore dismayed!—
A mouldy cake, or a mouldier crust,
Beside each platter laid
With scraps of cold potatoes
Which the swine would scarcely eat,
And tainted fish, and rinds of cheese,
And broken bits of meat.
While up in a place of honor.
A table was set for two
Groaning beneath its weight of food,
And dainties both sweet and new.
Then up spoke the noble Hildegard,
And sternly thus she said,
"I was the beggar that roamed your streets
Yester-eve and asked for bread;
I did it to test you people,
So anxious was I to know
How kind ye were to the hungry and poor
Amid the season of woe.
And these were what you gave me
As ye spurned me from your door;
These cold scraps and these mouldy crusts,
But these and nothing more;
Not one in this whole village,
Save him with yon hoary head,
And his dear old wife that asked me in
And gave me of their bread:
For them is yon table waiting,
With richest viands stored;
Go, sit ye down, dear servants of Christ,
And feast ye at my board;
And want shall be thine no longer,
For a home I've given to thee,
Where every comfort of life shall be thine
Till life shall cease to be.
And ye, go home, ye people,
Each with your mouldy crust,
And bow your heads in very shame,
Aye, even to the dust.
And back to my noble castle
Oh, never come again,
Till ye learn, with what measure ye mete,
It shall be measured to you again
—Our Dumb Animals.

The true golden rule will prevail.

[Contributed by M. Witham.]

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LIFE is, in a great degree, what we make it. And how shall we succeed if we pass by heedlessly life's precious opportunities? Little opportunities of doing good, little lessons that may at present seem unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life. Our faculties for exercising an influence over others are so many and so great that it is difficult to conceive how two persons may sit and converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and every one who critically examines himself, his intellectual and moral state, will observe that however short his interview with another person may be, it has had an effect upon him, and this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it; but we have left impressions which will never be erased. This influence and constancy has often great power. A single instance of advice, reproof, caution or encouragement may decide the question as to man's respectability, usefulness and happiness for a life-time. How important then that we improve every opportunity to make our life a blessing to others.

—*Zion's Herald.*

Sanitary.

THE HOT-WATER CURE.

RELATIVE to hot water as a remedial agent, *Hall's Journal of Health* publishes some interesting hints. It says:

"A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped into hot water, and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache and neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works almost like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours, yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will

so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores, or new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A goblet of hot water, hot as one can drink it, taken half an hour before bedtime or twenty minutes before breakfast, or both, is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has the most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia, and it will give relief almost from the first glass. Try it and you will never regret having done so.

TUBERCULAR animals are frequently killed for food, their flesh sometimes containing the germs—"Tubercle Vaccilus," and if not thoroughly cooked, it is capable of transmitting the disease. [Consumption.]

DR. DURGIN chairman of the Board of Health of Boston, says,—"Diphtheria, like small pox, is a contagious disease, and will spread from person to person, and from things which have become infected by the sick person.—*Sanitary Volunteer.*

CUTTING CORNS with any sharp instrument is a pernicious practice, and should never be indulged; for while it may give temporary relief, it perpetuates the evil.—*Sanitary Volunteer.*

IN rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed they have begun to supersede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.—*F. L. Oswald., M. D.*

Each hour brings victory.

THE MANIFESTO. SEPTEMBER, 1890.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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Editorial.

THE spirit of the MANIFESTO, in all its simplicity, cannot speak otherwise, than peace on earth and good-will to all mankind. As a messenger to herald these glad tidings, it will ever help to fulfill the beautiful prophecy, when the knowledge of the Lord will cover the land. It is this knowledge of God, this reign of peace, this season of universal rejoicing to which all are looking forward with an anxious hope. That it will come: that it is now coming to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear; and that it has already come to many precious souls who have denied themselves of all

ungodliness, are spiritual truths of which multitudes of Christian witnesses love to speak.

To the worldly-wise and ignorant, like many other things, it is quite beyond their full conception, and they put the day of God's power into the distant future. It may be after the great judgment day; it may be when Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven. To them, as to the priests of Baal, there may be no God to hear.

One class, however, have the precious promise of seeing God and that at as early a date as they may choose to be ready for his coming. This becomes the special privilege of "the pure in heart," and on this race every one can enter his name, and by faithful perseverance, certainly, win the prize.

Those who anticipate the millennium of God's love on the earth, must be actively engaged in the preparatory stages, or the fulness can never be realized. So long as there is confusion and strife, so long there will be slavery and cruelty. So long as nations shall war against nations, and in their mad career destroy even the bread that should feed the poor, the gospel testimony of God's witnesses, so prophetic of the "last days," will be heard only faintly and be received with many misgivings. However strange this may be, the history of the ages teaches us that divine truth makes but slow progress in the minds of those who are so

fully absorbed in the life of this world.

The blessings of a United Inheritance which dwell in a Christian Community, will close out the narrow, selfish relations of the children of this world, and open an avenue to a more blissful abode. It was a high conception of spiritual truth that filled the soul of Jesus when he prayed,—“Thy kingdom come,” God’s heavenly kingdom in which all would become peacemakers, and as anxiously seek to forgive others, as they would wish to be forgiven.

If we believe in the testimony of Christ and enter in at the strait gate, all this is to be realized while we live on the earth. It is in the Christian Community in God’s kingdom of Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters. A people who are learning to do the will of God, in its new revelation to their souls.

The ideal of a Christian home has always been in a Community where “God’s people shall dwell in peaceable habitations, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.” Jesus anticipated this spiritual home where “Brethren and Sisters could dwell together in unity,” and faithfully devoted his life to its fulfillment. He prayed for God’s home to come upon the earth, as it was already in the heavens.

All who had the least idea of a spiritual relation, believed that God’s children would be gathered to a habitation where there would be no rich

nor poor; where all who were led by the spirit of God, would become the Sons and Daughters of God, and share, alike, the blessings of the heavenly kingdom on earth.

The first lessons to be impressed upon the minds of the disciples was that of the common brotherhood in which God was to be the Father of all who accepted this new ministration. The selfish relations in which they had lived were to give place to something better, and make of them a spiritual family, in which God’s will, instead of man’s will would be done as it was done in heaven. “Except a man forsake all that he hath he cannot be my disciple.” This decisive word was placed before every one who wished to enter the brotherhood with Jesus.

That some who were wealthy should turn away, sorrowfully, as did the young man, or question the propriety of forsaking all to follow Christ, as did Peter, is not at all surprising, for the same trial still exists among men. Blinded by the god of this world, they are led into his selfish relations without the least resistance, and to that extent that the Revelator exclaims, “The whole world wondered after the Beast!”

Jesus and his disciples gave the first lessons for the peace and prosperity of a Christian Community. The Church must be consecrated to God and his people; a part cannot be reserved for self and selfish purposes. Peter’s admonition to Ana-

nias may be timely for all who enter the Church of Christ. "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie unto the Holy Spirit, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." These burning words, and those in the 5th chap. of Matt. represent the permanent basis upon which Jesus established his church.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." I Cor. iii., 11. That can secure to any one the reward of the Christian in this life, or assure him of eternal life in the world to come. This Christian Community was to be separate from the selfish and grasping life of the world, and its people were expected to love righteousness and truth above all things. In this was to be found a new life, spiritual, even as the angels of God in heaven.

A Christian Community, even at this late date needs an inspirational care of consecrated souls, to raise it above the elements of a worldly life. Much has yet to be learned to secure a growing prosperity, which must make of our home the kingdom of God upon the earth, wherein righteousness shall be the ruling spirit, and where nothing shall harm or hurt in all God's holy mountain.

I sing the joy of sins forgiven.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

North Family.

"O what beauty there is in thee

Zion, lovely Zion;

May thy strength and honor be

Of an untold weight from heaven."

Our visiting company are all at home, having enjoyed a very profitable season with gospel kindred in seven different Societies. We could but notice that in every Society and family they had something different from every other. A peculiar manifestation of the beautiful spirit of love; a special spiritual gift and ministration; and when these meet together in the spirit and testimony of Mother's gospel we have the music of the spheres.

One feature of our journey was specially interesting to me; and that was the graveyards; they show real progress of spirit, and a gradual growth of understanding. This may not have come about from our designing, but it has come.

The disposing of the mortal remains of our loved ones, has in times past, and is now, calling forth a good deal of exercise of mind. In passing by our burying places, and also many which did not belong to our order, I felt as though we might make the institution called death very interesting and profitable to the living. Instead of costly attire, expensive caskets and monuments of stone; or wooden marks and tall weeds and briers, neither of which have a savory effect upon the living or upon the departed loved ones, I would like to set apart a room in which to place the shadow of the person who has just passed through the veil, with name and age, when they came among Believers, and any points of their history that would be of interest to the rising generations. Take, for instance, the aged saint, Elder Timothy Randlett, sitting in his chair, patiently waiting the boatman's call; his countenance full of goodness and love; what pleasant thoughts and feelings it would excite to go into a room adorned with such shadows. A grave-yard is to me a place of sadness, and if the graves were opened, it would be a place of horror and disgust.

Bury the body decently and in a place where it will do good and no harm, level the ground and keep a record and plan of the same, but do not put up costly marble slabs, or anything else. The angels set us an example in the disposing of the body of Jesus. Let us follow it.

The hay and grain harvest about completed which has been very good. We have cut over 800 tons of hay, and some 50 acres of grain. Rye and wheat were excellent; oats generally light. If our machines and tools are all put away in good order, it will save time and vexation when we need to use them again. Potatoes very nice; and though there are some things rather scarce, we have enough to fill every reasonable heart with gratitude and thankfulness, and to exercise ourselves in kindly Christian love towards everybody.

D. Offord.

South Family.

DEAR EDITOR:—Not long since we told how many potatoes we had planted; now we must tell how wonderfully they have yielded. We do not find any nicer ones in market. We got fifteen very large ones in one hill, and if other crops have failed us, the potatoes have not. I think we have gathered two bushels of blueberries while we usually have three times two bushels. We will be twice glad to resort to the New Hampshire syrup this year as that was not a failure. Since our last shower we have not been too warm.

Those who have trouble with table salt should try putting in one cup of corn starch, in eight cups of salt. The people of Mt. Lebanon have proved it and like the way as the moisture is done away with.

We have not been obliged to stay at home one Sabbath day this season on account of the rain. We are quite fortunate, as all meetings are together one day in seven which seems like the proper thing to do, some of the speaking and singing is excellent as it tends to union; "we must dwell together in unity."

S. A. C.

Hancock, Mass.

August 12, 1890.

We always hail with gladness the arrival of the precious messenger, which comes to

us usually so punctually, and so neatly appareled. Mentally we exclaim, God bless its able Editor and worthy contributors. Long may it live to herald God's truths. We think each successive number of the MANIFESTO surpasses in excellence the preceding one. The Editorials in each number are most valuable and instructive.

The August No. contains several most interesting articles. Letter from Dr. Carl, Instrumental Music, and the beautiful sentences in "Our Lord's Prayer" so ably treated, are, in our opinion, super-excellent. Notes about home we find very pleasant reading and always turn with avidity to them, for we are anxious to know how the dear friends in other portions of God's vineyard are prospering.

Observing the absence of notes from our beautiful home in June and July numbers, and knowing that vacations were in order in these days of excessive heat we fancied that our note-collector might be enjoying a vacation. But lo! on receiving Aug. No. we were agreeably surprised to find that one writer at least, still remained at home.

Produce from our vegetable garden is abundant. Green peas and new Irish potatoes headed the list of esculents that covered our dinner table on the first of July; which is something unusual in this section of country.

Elder Louis must have engaged the services of tact, skill and perseverance to have been so successful. He was wonderfully prospered in raising a large flock of chickens until they became quite sizable, when a large number of them disappeared, having been destroyed by some rapacious animal.

Most kinds of fruit are unpromising this season. Pears are a total failure. Apples few. Plum trees altogether fruitless. Small fruits not plenty excepting the blackberry which seems to yield well. Looking from our window we can see busy hands engaged in gathering this variety of berry from a nice little briar patch that was planted two years ago last spring by our venerable father, Elder Albert, and has been mostly cared for by him since.

Should he live until the coming October he will have been eighty years an inhabitant

of this earth sphere. He is a model of industry, frugality and temperance, and is, in the true sense of the word, a Christian.

A colony of busy workers have quietly come, as it seems, with the intention of making a permanent settlement. They belong to the class that a son of Erin once described as having a hot fut, (foot.) At present they appear inoffensive and if left undisturbed, will, we trust, remain quite peaceable. They have reared quite a structure for themselves and we think are well satisfied with their location. They may have emigrated from Norway as they have selected a Norway Spruce in which to build their residence. Is this an omen, and if so, is it for good or ill? can you tell us? Before closing our note we must tell you how displeased we are with your change of position, for we greatly fear that duty will not call you in the direction of our home as frequently as heretofore, and we well know that home duties will not be neglected by you for pleasure seeking. We all sincerely wish that you might give us a call, we think you would find that Old Berkshire maintained well her reputation for beautiful scenery and healthful climate.

J. L. Sweet.

Enfield, Conn.

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heavens," so the Bible tells us. We cannot find a more truthful saying, yet there are many people who live as though they believed it not, and never find out how true it is. Still, it takes most of us a good many years to learn the "time to every purpose," and the "season for everything." The sooner we learn to apply this God-given principle in our daily lives, and make it our rule to be systematic in our daily occupations, the better it will be for all concerned.

Our crop of hay is large and of good quality. Ensilage corn is doing well. Japanese buckwheat looks strong and vigorous. Jumbo strawberries were large and good, vines healthy.

Tobacco dust when used liberally in hen's nests will free them from vermin. Nests that are moveable are convenient and quickly cleaned. Nothing is better for moulting

fowls than ground oats, meat and bran mixed with milk. Wheat is excellent and helps to form muscle, something needed during the weakening process. Cool shade is essential while hens are moulting. It costs more to keep a poor old hen than a good young one, while the profits from the latter are three times those of the former. D. Orcutt.

ELDER John Whiteley of Harvard, Mass., and Elder Robert Aitken of Enfield, Conn., sailed on the 8th of August, for England, and will be absent about two months.

Harvard, Mass.

Aug. 10, 1890.

WE begin to realize our loss by the long drought. For seven long weeks through the hay season and before, the blessing of rain was withheld from mother earth, and right in the time our potato crop needed it the most. We shall realize from our late potatoes a reasonable crop. But early ones are very small. Apples are scarce. Corn is looking beautiful and the largest crop planted for many years. The hay crop was harvested without a drop of rain which makes it of excellent quality. Garden vegetables are good. Onions will be an excellent crop. This sums up the temporalities.

Our dear Elder John Whiteley started for England, the home of his boyhood, on Saturday the 9th of August. He is to be gone two months and we pray he may have a happy time. Our prayers shall be many and fervent for him that he may find some noble minds who will come, and like him live out the principles of self-denial.

Health of Society quite good, none on the sick list.

One more effort to beautify our home. The twelve acres of land lying between the Church and South Family which had grown up to bushes and was spoiled even for pasture is now being cleared and the intention is to make it into a meadow equal to any which lies aside of it.

We felt a little of the cyclone which commenced in Harvard and did such damage in South Lawrence. What protection we are under! For almost one hundred years this Society has not met with any serious calamity.

ty by flood, wind or fire. Why should we not sing hymns of thanksgiving? This morning many spoke of the protecting power which has been so liberally extended to us.

Our meeting is filled with good gifts, and our songs ring out the spirit of thankfulness.

A. Barrett.

Canterbury, N. H.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—The not too much of a good thing, which it has been our fortune to enjoy since we wrote you last, is the visit of Brothers Daniel Offord and Charles Greaves, with four sister companions from the North Family at Mt. Lebanon, who were at Canterbury from July 29 to August 5. It was only too good to last, as the children say, and so at the latter date they left us for a brief tarry at Shaker Station, as they journeyed homeward. It was not hard in their presence to believe that "the pure in heart see God." We blessed each other, as only the loyal who know the worth of loyalty can bless. How sweet the comfort of spiritual gifts and how blest the interchange. Bro. Daniel Offord spoke to us on the Sabbath, as a brother speaks to his friends where no cloaks are worn. One of our Brethren said in appreciation that he had heard many persons strike each side of the nail and in fact all around it, but never so squarely on the head as Bro. Daniel had done or did, upon the subject of "Our United Inheritance." Shall we send inquiry for Bro. Alonzo Hollister, who we hear is to journey this way? Rain fell nearly all day on Sat. July 26. On Thurs. July 31, took place the thunder shower and wind squall which did so much damage north of us. Two slight rainfalls only within the last two months.

Hay is of extraordinary quality and stored in the barns in excellent condition. Corn is growing fast; sweet corn already ripe and White Rice pop corn eight feet tall. The pear and apple crops are light. Bro. George Clark speaks of "a full crop of peaches" which we hope to realize. Blackberries plenteous and gatherers busy.

We have little cause for complaint at any season, and are only desirous to forget earthly selfish interests and send out our

sympathies in kindly solicitude for the relief of those who suffer and for the welfare of all mankind. We are thinking especially just now of the "blessings in disguise" attending our dear western friends at Union Village, Ohio. In the death of one of their ablest leaders, we remember them in more than words, but whether we sorrow or rejoice, let us often sing

"To-day, though the vintage may fail,
And answer to prayer seem to wait,
Still let thy faith cheer thee to-day,
God's blessings can never be late."

Two of our Sisters attended the Universalist camp meeting at the Weirs, N. H., and responded to the kind invitation to take an active part.

Enfield, N. H.

Aug. 12.

As the question presents itself, what can we say for this month, (and the months march on with greater rapidity, than before we engaged in this enterprise,) the answer comes, Write, or rather attempt to write our thanks, to the good people of Mt. Lebanon, for sparing from their ranks, the lovely souls who have recently sojourned with us.

So we formally, but sincerely tender our thanks to the household that sent out these ministers of blessing, as added burden must have been borne by other willing hands in their absence.

Words can never tell the amount of good such angel visits accomplish, and everytime we are thus blessed, we question afresh, why must they be so "few and far between?"

On Aug 1st. we had the nearest approach to a cyclone, which the people in this vicinity ever witnessed, and although pea vines, which our faithful brother Simeon Childs, had spread before the kitchen piazza to dry, were the only things that were lifted bodily, we were perfectly satisfied, *not* to experience a full blown one; clouds of dust filled the air at intervals before the rain fall which came in torrents at first, but subsided into a refreshing summer shower, that brightened the face of nature wonderfully.

Br. Thomas Steadman who ought to be authority in the hay line, reports the harvest one third less than usual in quantity, but superior in quality. Cereals a failure.

On Aug. 6th. the Anniversary of our Mother's landing on American soil, the sisterhood of our Society enjoyed a profitable meeting, indeed, the spirit of these gatherings, can never be placed upon paper, but the pure, hallowed influence realized therefrom, is a power for good, and we believe every effort to bear the standard high, is recorded by angel messengers. We sang "God's Love is at the Helm," in unison with our dear sisters elsewhere, thanks to the author of this suggestion. E. B.

Groveland, N. Y.

It is decidedly uncomfortable to-day with the mercury climbing above one hundred.

It's too hot to work, too hot to write,
So we're inclined some plans to slight.

A very unreliable form of weather prevails out this way. During the spring and early summer rain storms visited here daily, the most prominent feature of the mornings was rain, noons were the same, and nights were a repetition of both.

But those rainy days, those rainy days,
Have now all disappeared;
A scorching sun with withered grass,
Predicts a drouth 'tis feared.

The five past weeks have been noted for excessive heat and dryness, only a few light showers and those but a trifle more than a sprinkle found their way here. Perhaps the rain-clouds that covered the sky for the first half of the year have sailed across the Continent to give the inhabitants there a spray from the mighty sea above. Now if some of them would return and favor us with a dashing and splashing once or twice each week, we would thankfully send our thanks skyward.

The harvesting of hay and grain is the daily occupation of farmers, and is proving a successful success. The song of the reaper and mower is heard from morn till eve, making music pleasing to hear, giving evidence that industry and enterprise reigns, and that the

Earth with its fullness of fruitage,
Declareth God's wondrous skill,
His goodness forever surrounds us
And ever, forever it will.

The delegation that left here on a bright June morning returned on the ninth ult.

glad and happy to reach home and friends, (their Ark of safety.)

Peaches have not proved an entire failure as some foretold. A few bushels have been secured and preserved for winter comfort, while occasionally a breakfast or dinner has been decorated with the delicious fruit which is ever healthful and refreshing. Raspberries and currants have grown luxuriantly, but the

English sparrows too well know
Where the best of all fruits grow;
Plucking first the ripened cherries,
Then to currants and to berries,
So their wicked bills we see
Stamped on every bush and tree.

Last Tuesday morning the twenty-ninth ult., Sister Ann Work awakened into Spirit life or embarked for the region far away, (but always near,) happy in the freedom from earth and earthly things. Wednesday the following day her funeral was attended in the family Hall, some of the family accompanied the remains to their final rest where,

Dust to dust and earth to earth,
To her soul means life and mirth.

G. D. G.

Union Village, Ohio.

August 1890.

Our harvest is ended. Crop fair. Weather dry. Corn suffering for rain.

Separateness, or want of oneness with God, is the bane of all existence. At-onement with God is the sum of all bliss, all peace, all contentment.

Our school district numbers thirty pupils.
O. C. H.

Union Village, Ohio.

Aug. 1890.

BELOVED ELDERESS DOROTHY:—We took the cars at Albany, N. Y., at 1-45 P. M. and reached Union Village, at 11 A. M., the next day. There are many who mourn the loss of Beloved Elder Matthew, and yet they bear their burdens quite manfully. Elder Napoleon B., Eldes James R. and Eldress Jane C. have been on a visit to this place, but will return to their homes in Ky. on the 11th inst.

It is very hot and dry. No rain has fallen since June. Wheat and oats are a medium

crop. Corn and potatoes will be light : account of the drought. The apple crop will also be light.

Although my time is well filled with the many calls of the hour, yet I always look to your dear home with great pleasure and send kindest regards to all the friends at Canterbury. May God bless you now and forever.

Accept kindest love from the Elders, and also from the writer. Your Sister in the gospel.
ELIZABETH CANTRELL.

White Water, O. North Family.

Aug. 1890.

WELL here I am again for the month of August I must have something to write about our home, must say we are shining up pretty well here. We have been white-washing the fence along the highway and painting the gates, some a bright red and others a light blue. I have been painting our laundry engine, so it looks like a new one again. We have had our cistern fixed in the front yard, it had caved in last spring, so we are getting things fixed pretty nicely.

We have started in the sheep business again, with a start of twelve head of very fine sheep all young from one to four years.

The weather has been very hot for the past week. We are selling off some of our cows and investing the money in the sheep. We are taking care of the cows ourselves now, we used to pay a man \$18. per month. We have but one hired man at this family. We are also working our road tax and have about four days to work.

Our home begins to look very nice. We also put up forty-four rods of combination fence. We will have very short crops of corn here if it does not rain soon. It is very dry. The center family have been taking sugar melons to market. They get from \$2.50 to \$3 and \$3.50 per bushel for them.

They have also been in the rabbit business for the past year, they have what they call the german or scotch hares, they have some that would weigh about eight or ten pounds. They have about fifteen young ones and five old ones. They are a fine sight to see, every body admires them. People in this section

are plowing for wheat. The center family bought a new creamery with a crank to raise all of the cans at one time out of the box.

Their herdsman has been fixing the cow-barn floor he is taking out the board floor and putting in stone and gravel floor.

H. W. Frederick.

South Union, Ky.

August 1890.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY:—The August MANIFESTO was a very interesting number. Eldress Anna White hit the nail square on the head. Elder O. C. Hampton's "Soliloquy" was good. The Editorial, and in fact I might name them all, are good. From a wheat field that was fertilized they obtained 19 bushels per acre, while from one without this extra care they obtained 8 bu. pr. acre and from another 10 bushels, so the fertilizing paid well. This has been a great fly year and a fruitful year for rabbits. In the evening the rabbits are running around the yards almost as tame as cats. H. L. E.

The Bible Class.

Answers to Bible Question No. 10. published in July MANIFESTO.

Name a verse in the Old Testament which prompts to a life of self-sacrifice for others' good.

Number of writers from Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. 20; Canterbury, N. H. 2.

Eccl, ii., 1 has 21.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

1 Sam. xliii., 4 has 1.

BIBLE QUESTIONS, Nos. 11 & 12.

What virtue is most highly commended in Proverbs?

What kind of food was first given to man? and what may be said in its favor?

TRUE religion is based upon love to God; manifested in our love and kindness to man made in the image of God. M. J. T.

Keep thy garments pure.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

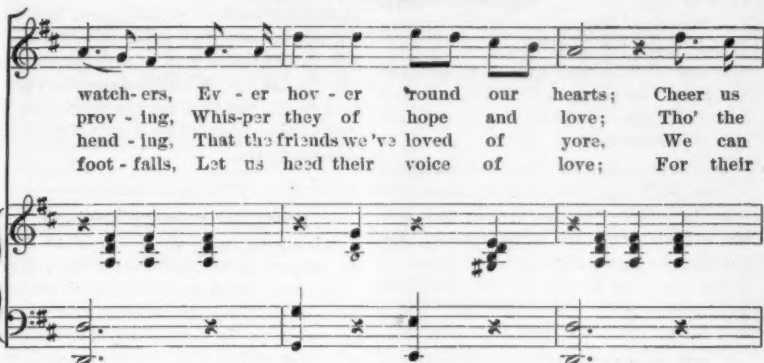
MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

1. Who can tell what count-less an - gels, Thro' our path-way here be -
 2. When our feet are worn with climb-ing, And in flow-ry paths we
 3. At the morning's dawn they're o'er us, Thro' the noon-tide's heat and
 4. Oft our eyes are closed in blind-ness, And our ears are deaf to

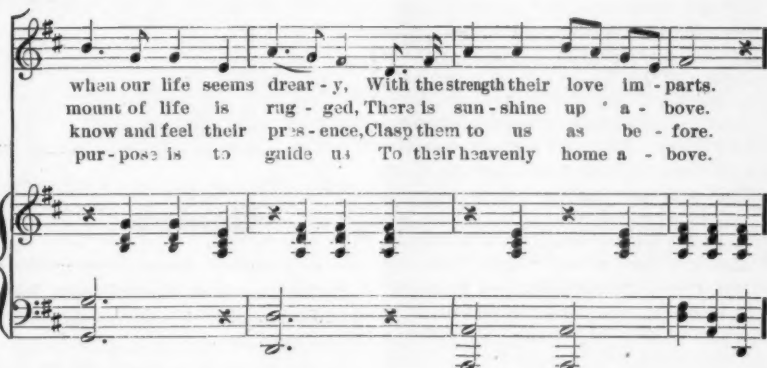
low; Who can tell what cares they light - en, On their
 stray, Choos-ing oft to lin - ger long - er In fair
 care; And when shades of twi - light deep - en, They are
 hear; Still like doves they hov - er o'er us, When we

mis - sion to and fro; Sent of God, these ho - ly
 pleas - ure's sun - ny way; Then in tones of sweet re -
 near to heed our prayer; Thought too vast for com - pre
 think not they are near. Let us list their gen - tle

MINISTERING ANGELS.

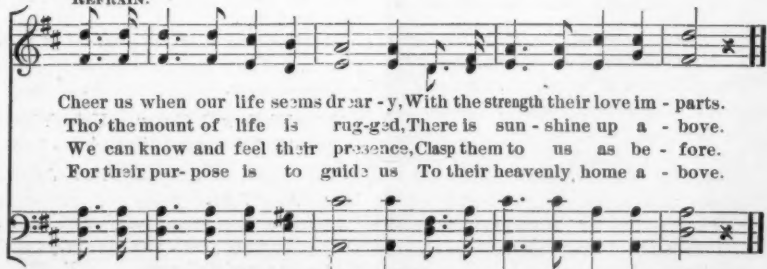


watch-ers, Ev - er hov - er 'round our hearts; Cheer us
 prov - ing, Whis-per they of hope and love; Tho' the
 hend - ing, That the friends we've loved of yore, We can
 foot - falls, Let us heed their voice of love; For their



when our life seems drear - y, With the strength their love im - parts.
 mount of life is rug - ged, There is sun - shine up a - bove.
 know and feel their pres - ence, Clasp them to us as be - fore.
 pur - pose is to guide us To their heavenly home a - bove.

REFRAIN.



Cheer us when our life seems drear - y, With the strength their love im - parts.
 Tho' the mount of life is rug - ged, There is sun - shine up a - bove.
 We can know and feel their presence, Clasp them to us as be - fore.
 For their pur - pose is to guide us To their heavenly home a - bove.

Books and Papers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Aug. Contents. Simeon P. Cheney; A leaf of Personal History; Abdul Hamid,—The Sultan of Turkey; Sketches of Phrenological Biography; Practical Phrenology; Child Culture; Science of Health; etc., etc. Fowler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, N. Y.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH for August. Contents. Mesmerism; Torpid Liver; The Occult Powers; Tea and Coffee; An Athlete's Diet; Quinine Intoxication; Extracting foreign bodies from the Stomach; Poisoning from tinned Fruits; Kindness to Animals, etc., etc. Office 218 Fulton St., N. Y.

REMOVING A CINDER FROM THE EYE.

THE proper way to get a cinder out of the eye, is to draw the upper lid down over the lower, utilizing the lashes of the lower as a broom, that it may sweep the surface of the former and thus get rid of the intruder. Or, gently drawing the lid away from the globe, pass a clean camel's-hair brush—or fold of a soft silk handkerchief—two or three times between them. This procedure will, in nearly all cases, suffice; when it does not, the services of a physician are necessary. It is a remarkable fact that a very minute body will give rise to intense pain, and even after it has been extracted, the sensation remains for an hour or more. After the intruder is out, gently bathe the lids every fifteen minutes in iced-water till the feeling subsides.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

WE have received the Aug. number of THE OLD HOMESTEAD, a southern magazine published at Savannah, Ga., and devoted to literary, musical, fashion, and domestic matters. It is the only publication of its character in the south, and is filled with the choicest original stories, poems, essays, etc. A glance at its varied and interesting contents will convince one that it is one of the purest, cleanest, and most refined magazines in the country.

Its object is to encourage the literary tastes of the people of the south, and already many of the most brilliant writers of that section are enrolled among its contributors. THE OLD HOMESTEAD has no political or sectarian affiliations, but has one object solely in view, and that is to elevate and refine. It is a publication of forty pages 11x15, with subscription price \$1 a year. Send for sample copy, free, to Davis Bros., publishers and proprietors, Savannah, Ga.

[Contributed by Rosetta Cummings.]

It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world; as well might a lost and wearied bird, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean seek a resting place on its topmost wave, as the child of sorrow seeks a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time.—*Dr. Spring, in Christian Union*.

MAKE the best of every trial,
Make the heart of all your woe
By the power of self-denial
We are blessed in all we do.—*M. W.*

Deaths.

Lydia Cooney, at Center Family, Pleasant Hill, Ky. July 21, 1890. Age 84 yrs. 5 mo., and 6 days.

Nancy Harris, at Center Family, Pleasant Hill, Ky., July 21, 1890. Age 84 yrs., 9 mo., and 1 day.

These Sisters have left a record of faithfulness, and have now gone to receive their crowns of glory. N. D. B.

Elder Matthew B. Carter, at Union Village, O. July 24, 1890. Aged 64 yrs. 4 mo. 6 days.

Ann Work, at Sonyea, N. Y. July 29, 1890. Age 87 yrs.

Sister Ann has been a member of the Society some forty years, and has always stood for the honor of Believers. E. W.